PHILIPPA GOES FISHING.

TWO YOUNG WOMEN ON A TROUT STREAM IN THE ADDRONDACKS.

Ethics of Fishing and Advantages of a Lamb Chor as a Road to the Affections of a Chor as a Road to the Affections of a Tront Differenties in the Management of a Rod-What to Boil a Fish Should Bite.

"Let's go fishing!" said Philippa, Let's so usburg: said Philippa.

It was a few days after we had reached our retreat in the heart of the Adirondacks. Breakfast was just fulshed and Philippa and I were returning from the scales on the side veranda returned version ourselves several times a this so often, in fact, that the cay. Streets began to keep tab on our weight, and I have since understood that saveral small bereas to our respective cains and losses were arranged. This was bad enough, to be suce, but we knew nothing of it at thus, so we were quite unmoved, the time. When the proprietor, however, spoke of our habit of parrouizing the scales as a "little weigh" we had, we tried to restrain oursalves to consulting the beam only once a day. We were therefore returning from our matutinal weigh when we saw one of the "lady guesta" disappear in the woods, carrying a pole in one hand, and in the other a tin can, which was unmistakably consecrated to the confinement of the festive angleworm. Philippa's eyes

"Let's go fishing," she exclaimed. "Who'll go with us ?" I inquired with some

hesitation. "Why, nebody."

"But -..."
"Well?" said Philippa as I paused. "The-the worms?" I suggested.

"Worms?" repeated Philippa, changing countenance at the thought.
"Yes." I said, thinking that the child was more of a tyro than I should have imagined her. FYou generally have to offer a trout some special attraction, I believe, to induce him to

locate on your hook." "I suppose so," said Philippa thoughtfully, Then, after a pause: "I suppose I hadn't regarded worms as a special attraction." "You were probably not a trout in your last

incarnation." "And won't be in my next."

I shook my head dubiously. You have heard of retaliatory measures. haven't you, Philippa? You don't know what might happen if you yielded to this flahing

"Is worms," she inquired, "the only road to s trout's affections."
-They is," I declared, for, as you may possibly infer, I didn't care much about going fishing. Philippa ignored my little grammatical hint.

"I thought," she observed reflectively. "I thought I had heard something about files." I looked at her suspiciously. Had she been sectiving me with pretensions of ignorance? Was Philippa a little fisher maiden and would shedrag me from pool to pool, over boulders, and through brush and bog and hungry horder

of mosquitees? I hadn't thought it of Philippa. and I turned upon her.
"Thave my opinion," I exclaimed in virtuous indication, "of people who take pleasure in hading a little fish around by a sharp book in

his-his throat."

I wasn't quite sure of this anatomical point, but I couldn't improve upon it, so I let it go.

"lonce read," I resumed with sarcasm, "a plain, unvariabled tale of a man who went fishing. It described how the big brute, armed with all the traps and snares which science could devise, and putting to work all his wits and his knowledge, went forth to capture a little armiesa, legiesa animal about a hundredth part as big as he was ; Sounds nice, doesn't it? Of all repulsive spectacles," I continued, warming to my subject, "I know none to compare with the unboly joy depicted on a human countenance when, pole in hand, a man feels the tug at the line which means that the hook has

Philipps waited until my burst of eloquence had subsided, then she said calmly:
"Will you put the worms on the hook if I dig

"Never!!!" I exclaimed with the emphasis generally represented in print by three exciamation points. Philippa sighed.

Some people are never willing to do their

share, 'she remarked.

"Well, of all things!" I began in a bluster.

"Oh, never mind!" she interrupted with an air of chastened regret. "Of course if you have pose of sitting on a hotel veranda and rocking. I may as well begin right now to make the best

The injustice of this remark was so monstrous illence. Philippa appeared to be meditating. Suddenly a light broke over her countenance.

"Raw meat!" site exclaimed. "That's it! You'll go if I use raw meat for bait, won't you?" 'I don't think that trout care for raw meat." Isaid as a final remoustrance, but Philippa was already in the office buying hooks and line and isquiring the distance to the nearest trout stream. There was evidently no escape. Sorrowfully I put on my heaviest shoes, got out my "Tam," put a bottle of oil of pennyroyal in my pocket, and resigned myself to my fate. Half a hour later we arrived at what seemed to be asort of crooked lane through the forest, payed with a tumbled mass of boulders, among which

meandered various streamlets of lucid water. "Here we are!" exclaimed Philippa in delight. "Here!" I said. "You don't mean to say that you hope to extract fish from the solid rock? 1 don't see anything elso large enough to harbor a fish of the most modest dimensions."

Philippa looked at me with a passing glance

then she thrust into my hand the little package she had been carrying, and, taking out a knife, stepped from rock to rock across the stream. Why, where's your pole?" I said, fancying I had detected no all-important lack, and that the fishing would have to be postponed.

Philippa did not deign to reply, but began tutting down a small sappling from which she trimmed the twigs, leaving a little prong at the small end, I began to feel a thrill of admiration. ring just below the prong and tied the string, I mean line, on with a series of allo knots. She then measured off about twelve feet of the cord, cut it, and attached a hook by another series of slip knots. Having regarded her work with some satisfaction for a moment or two. Philippa utrailed the remainder of the small package and disclosed a lamb chop.

What's the chop for?" I demanded with

"Bad," inconically, affixing a minute portion

interest to resent it.
"I wanted brefsteak," she said, "but the took jest word that it hadn't come yet. It come to take any difference, however, as any berson with any sense could see. They look shout alike, and as for the taste, why, the trout won'tknow the difference until he tries it and

The twelve feet of line sailed through the sir. edded itself in a spreading branch which overhurg meatheam. Philippa's countenance fell. Regarda ladylike pull, which served to still ther promute the stable position of the nork. cale walked up stream a few steps. I saw

the oil across her forebead and over her cheeks, rr. bing it into the tip of that scornfol nose with she shone resplendent. Then I amointed hay own countenance. After which we took turns at laughing at each other until the stone turns at laughing at each other until the stone turns at laughing at each other until the stone the general convulsion and rolled over on its side. She got her right foot soaking wet, as I could plainly see. But when I asked her about it she said it was "only a drop or two."

It rather checked our exuberance, hewever, and Philippa unbooked her pole and told me to follow her down stream.

"You musn't make any noise," she said, in a stage whisper, although we had just been making the welkin ring with peals of laughter. The way to do is to steal up behind a big rock and drop your hook over it into the pool which is sure to be on the other size. All you have to do is to follow me at a little distance, keep perfectly still, and carry the bait."

"The lamb chop?" said I. "Where is it?"

We found that it had been left up at what Philippa promptly named Penayroyal Point, so we clambered tack after it. The chop was reposing conspicuously on a boulder, but the paper in which it had been wrapped had failen into the water and was reduced to a state bordering on dissolution. I promptly refused to carry the chop in my fingers, and Philippa, in desyair, clutched it gingerly in one hand and took her pole in the other.

Her line, as it happened, was about two feet longer than the pole, so Philippa gathered it up in a series of festoons where she held the pole. I tried to keep my eye on the hook which danuled beside her hand and count how many times she pulled it out of her fingers, but it is troublous work walking along the rocky lancealed a trout stream, and I lost count so often that I finally gave it up.

I was also anxious to know how many times haling my-sif on the other end of the pole at the pudden stops, I may have missed a good many, It was the lamb chop, however, which worrled me most. I could

I'se a-huntin' for dat bully, An' he must be found.

The a-buntin' for dat bully,
An' be must be found.

"You wouldn't carry the balt or do anything," she whispered indignantly, "I think you might at least try to keep still!"

"I will, dear, I will!"

"Keep still! don't talk! Can't you understand that you'll frighten the fish? If you've auything to say whisper it or—or—write it, if you can't do anything else."

"All right," I whispered meekly, and we approached the boulder.

Philippa let out the festoons of line which she leaned the pole against the rock while she untwisted the snarl. Then she arranged the line carefully on the boulder so that it would not get tangled again and picked up the pole. She elevated it as much as she could but there was still about a yard of line with the hooked piece of lamb chop still lying on the rock, so she gave the pole a swing which was intended to throw the line over into the pool. Any one who has ever tried trout fishing in a brook fifteen feet wide on the ground level and overhung by a low tangle of branches knows what happened. Philippa did not hook another branch this time; she wound her line round and round and round and round it. Luckly the branch was a small one, and we bent it down within reach and unwound the line. Then Philippa adopted a new plan. She stood the pole up against the rock. Then she carefully waided up about six feet of the line, and taking it in both hands, threw it, with a good deal of an effort, over the rock. Then she carefully waided up about six feet of the line, and taking it in both hands, threw it, with a good deal of an effort, over the rock, and we hoped into the pool. Fearing evidently that a trout would bite at once, and having in mind the tales of their provess. Philippa then hurriedly graved the pole and braced her knee against the stone.

We held our breath. Nothing happened.

ing in mind the tales of their prowess. Philipps then hurriedly grasped the pole and braced her knee against the stone.

We held our breath. Nothing happened. Philipps moved the pole up and down gently. No results. Then she waved it carefully from side to side, avoiding the branches with a good deal of skill. Still there were no developments. "Are you sure." I began in a whieper which may have been a trifle loud. At any rate, Philipps clapped her hand over my mouth. "Write!" she whispered almost noiselessly. "Write; if you can't control your vocal chords better than that."

I wouldn't write. I made up my mind then and there that if I had got to come to writing I would never go fishing again.
"Are you sure you threw it far enough over?" I whispered meekly and softly. Philippa began to draw in the hook. Suddenly the line became taut. We both trembled, but Philippa held firmly to the pole. Then she started to poll a little harder, having, Isuppose, a vague idea that she was playing the fish. But the resistance continued.

"I've always heard that trout were very

the resistance continued.
"I've siways heard that trout were very strong." said Philippa. tugging at the line, and it was hard for us to allow ourselves to be convinced that she had hooked the rock and not her first fish.
"You climb up on top of the boulder and

it was hard for us to allow ourselves to be convinced that she had hooked the rock and not her first fish.

"You climb up on top of the boulder and reach over and loosen the hook," whispered Philippa. "It must be caught in a crevice. But be careful not to frighten the fish in the pool." I climbed up as directed, crept over to the edge of the rock, and—
"Come up here." I whispered back to Philippa; "I want to show you comething."

So she, too, climbed carefully up and stole over beside me. Then she uttered an exciamation of dismay. She had been fishing in a perfectly dry bed of small stones!

To do her Justice, she laughed as heartly as I did over it, and when we started on again it was understood that I was to do the reconnoitring and see that we did no more fishing over bowlers which were unprovided with pools. In a few moments we came to an ideal place. There was no need for us to reconnoitre. A rogular dam of boulders and fallen logs had been formed across the stream, and the water, compelled to go down by one-channel, had hollowed out a great basin below, where it lay, cool, dark, and clear as crystal.

To say that we were excited is to give you but a shadowgraph, so to speak, of our real feelings. There were sure to be trout in there, and, being unacquainted with the species. I saw them in my mind's eye, large, shining, and active, describing geometrical figures of a kalleidoscopic variety through the air at the end of Philippa's line. Meanwhile she was greparing to cast her lambchop upon the waters. This preparation was a matter of considerable more time and care than the ordinary individual would infer. The necessity of approaching the pool from above, so that we would be hidden by the barricade of logs and rocks somewhat limited our opportunities to begin with. It brough the face to face, furthermore, with another problem. The pool was overhung by two large white cedars. They grew on the bank below the barricade, so that their branches, interiacing above the water, and the problem of spirit.

"Under the

nothing. I think Philipps, however, would have said more had she not at that moment felt a twitch at her line. She grasped her pole and held on hard. "Jerk him out!" I said, forgetting my whis-

"Jerk him out!" I said, forgetting my warper.
"No." said Philipps, forgetting hers; "that
isn't the way! You must play him."
"You'll loss him;" I exclaimed, crashing
through the dry branches to her side. "Let me alone," said Philippa.
"You ought to land him!" I insisted, speaking

in louder tones.
"Who's catching this fish?" said Philippa,
"Well, you're not, at this rate!"
"You wait!"

"Who's catching this fish?" said Philippa.

"Well, you're not, at this rate!"

"You wait!"

"But." I said, grasping the end of the pole,

"you don't need to wait until to-morrow!"

We stroughed a moment over the possession of
the pole and then discovered that the line had
been jerked out of the water, the fish had escaped with the balt, and the hook was firmly
caught in a branch.

"It's all your fault," said Philippa wrathfully.

"You ought to have waited until he had got
hold of the hook."

"Waiting's all right," I said heatedly, "but
you don't need to wait for him to eat your old
hook and digest it, too!"

We argued the matter as we disengaged the
hook from the branch, and then we made the
discovery that in some way the entire lamb chop
had failen off, or been knocked off the pole, and
was floating in the water. Philippa fished it out
and we started for the next pool.

Here luck really seemed to await us. The pool
was easy of approach, the lamb chop sailed
through the air, and scarcely had it lighted on
the water than we saw a black something dart
out of the shadows and seize it. Whether it
was nervousness or a secret conviction that my
plan was the better one, I du not know, but
Philippa gave a jerk which threw the trout
high into the air and landed him, free of the
shook, in a little sandy hollow behind us. He
slopped downward toward the water, and both of
us, with one accord, threw ourselves upon him
to prevent his escape. There was a crack and a
cracking. Oh!!"

us, with one accord, threw ourselves upon him to prevent his secape. There was a crack and a cracking. Oh!!!

We sat back on the rocks and held our heads and groaned. It seemed as if they must have struck all those stars out as sparks when we hit them together.

"Did I hurt you, Philippa?"

"Did I hurt you?"

"What was that crackling noise?"

We looked down and there were the fragments of Philippa's pet tortoise shell hairpin that she bought in Naples. I could see that she was ready to cry as she tried to pick up the pieces, but she pluckliv smiled instead.

"At any rate," she said, "we got the fish,"

We looked around. The fish was gone. Philippa said not another word. She cut the like from the pole and rolled it up and put it under a stone. She took the pole and sent it flying down stream. Then she turned around and led the way back up stream. I sighed as I followed her, Some people are so capricious.

Fishing isn't bad sport, after all! And they say it desen't really hurt the fish. I meditated thus. Then I sighed again; louder this time. But Philippa did not seem to hear, and we came back to the hotel without exchanging a word.

RULES OF MIMIC WARFARE.

How the Australia Was Captured in This

WASHINGTON, Aug. 7 .- Although the full results of the summer's British naval manouvres are not yet known here at this writing, the sarlier operations are reported, and the general regulations governing them are also made public. One of the difficulties experienced in settling such rules is to deter nine the conditions of winning in combat. The British Admiralty has laid down a set of rules in regard both to fleets and to the combat of single vessels, or of one with two or more ships. As to fleets, the superfority of one over another was to depend upon having a greater number of battle ships, so that if both chanced to have the same number present no decisive result would follow their coming into action. It was added that "cruisers will not affect the Issue." The rules for the combat of individual ships

from these it appears that a battle ship could put out of action a first-class cruiser by reminutes, or a cruiser not of the first class be remaining there for thirty minutes, or a vessel smaller than a cruiser by being at that distance for ten minutes, or a destroyer if within half a mile of her for 384 minutes, or a torpedo boat if within half a mile for two minutes. Next, a first-class cruiser could put a second-class or other smaller cruiser out ofaction by being within one mile of her for fifty minutes; a vessel smaller than a cruiser if within a mile for thirty minutes; a destroyer if within half a mile for five minutes, and a torpedo boat if within a quarter of a mile for two minutes.

set of any class could not put out of action a single vessel of the same class. But two of a class could put out a ship of the class immediately above them by maintaining the distances mentioned already, although this must be done for double the time already spoken. Finally, a ship of a given class could put out of action one of its own class with the aid of smaller craft within a prescribed time. It may here to added that it actions between single ships the only guns actually fired during the maneutures were to be one with which the observing officer on the larger ship marked the opening, and another for the close of the time allowance.

observing officer on the larger ship marked the opening, and another for the close of the time allowance.

That these release were not too detailed was flustrated in the capture of the Australia, a vessel which will be remembered as having visited New York during the Columbian review. She and the Terpalehore were operating together as security for Admiral Seymour, commanding the reserve fleet, between whom and Admiral Lord Walter Kerr, the Chainel fleet, war had been declared several days before. Without roing into details just now of the general operations of the two forces, and of their various groups of scouts, it may be said that the Australia and Terpsichere, while out scouting, discovered the enemy's fleet, and at once made a signal to a coast-guard station for transmission to the Lizard, for Admiral Seymour's benefit.

But before the two vessels could then slip away three cruisers were detailed from Admiral Kerr's fleet to pursue them. An exetting chase followed. The Australia was a first chas cruiser, but rather slow, and the Terpsichore a second class cruiser of 19 knots.

were constructed to harden pools, the scale of the proposal and are much to pools where the scale of the proposal and the pro

AROUND THE WHIST TABLE,

INTERESTING POINTS SUGGESTED BY THE RECENT CONGRESS.

The Risks of Sacrificing Straight Whist in an Effort to Catch the Tu n-up-He-vival of the Trump Signal Discussion-Short and Long Suit Play Compared.

If the sixth whist congress did anything, it emphasized the point so often insisted on in these articles-that the original opening of an irregular card in order to call for a trump lead through an honor turned is a trick-losing play. To make the call plain to his partner the original leader usually betches up his entire hand and adopts as an opening principle one of the most extraordinary paradoxes in whist: a lead from weakness to show strength. In response to such an opening the partner cels called upon to abandon whatever ideas he may have of the correct management of his cards and subject everything to leading a trump through the honor turned. When both partners agree to make all else subordinate to the lead through, it is obvious that the game ceases to be whist, and should no longer be so called. "Catch the honor" would be a much more appropriate name, and there would then be some reason for subjecting the game to the violent changes necessary to carry out the principle. Special points should be given for success, just as they are for "catching the ten" in Scotch whist, and the whole theory of play should be revised with a special view to the tactics necessary when whist is dropped and "catch the honor" is played.

In the compass whist match at Brooklyn, July 27, there was a hand which created quite a little discussion. The original leader had four trumps to the A K; four spades, jack high; jack and one small diamond, and three worth-less clubs. He led the diamond jack, to call for a trump lead through the heart queen turned. Had he gone right shead with his ace and king he would have caught the queen, and left his partner with the best trump for the third round; but in his anxiety to have his

were put in a convenient tabular form, and

within a quarter of a mile for two minutes. A crulser not of the first class could put a smaller vessel out of action by remaining within one mile of her for forty minutes, a destroyer if within half a mile of her for seven minutes, and a torpedo beat if within a quarter of a mile for 3½ minutes. A vessel smaller than a cruiser could put out of action a destroyer if within half a mile for twenty minutes, or a torpedo boat if within a quarter of a mile for twenty minutes, or a torpedo boat if within a quarter of a mile for minutes. A destroyer could put out a torpedo boat if within a quarter of a mile of her form minutes. A destroyer could put out a torpedo boat if within a quarter of a mile of her form minutes, and a torpedo boat if within a quarter of a mile of her form minutes. A destroyer could put out a torpedo boat if within a quarter of a mile of her first, when the leader plays "casten the honor;" here entirely different methods of treatment, all of which are given. First, when the leader plays "casten the honor;" second, when he plays the entered that the past round of the A. W. L. contest. The defence to the opening attack was played by J. I. Taylor of light minutes. A test of the call through an honor turned will hang itself it it is given rope enough. The Sin has several examples of losses of four and five tricks in hands played at the last congress, the losses being directly traceable to playing "catch the honor." Here is one, playing "catch the hono pedo boat if within a quarter of a mile of her for five minutes.

These carefully studied rules govern duels between single ships, one superior to the other in class. Then it was established that one vestions and the card under it is the

TRICK.	A	Horton. Y	В	Z Z
1	Jø	2 4	5.4	Qø
2	4.7	43	8.5	4 K
3	0.4	4 4	48	4 A
4	6.0	3 4	K o	A 4
5	20	46	& J	410
0	O A	♥ 7	♥8	V 2
7	0.10	O Q	♥ 6	05
8	0.3	A Q	49	4.2
9	40	30	QQ	K o
10	♥ 9	O.K.	80	01
11	60	10 4	7 .	50
19	10	94	8 4	70
13	AO	4 6	90	1 00
A-B ma	ke four	ricks.		

| No. | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1995 | 1

THICK.	Joster.		Driggs.	
	Δ	Y	11	Z
1	4 7	43	A J	& K
2	♥ 3	© 7	♥ 6	() J
3	04	U.O.	♡8	0.5
4	OA	OK	4 5	V 2
A	10	2.4	5.0	0.9
d	0.9	4.4	8 4	& A
7	13 A	3.0	7.0	A.A
R	4.0	3.0	80	5.0
9	20	4.4	K &	7.0
10	6 0	& 6	0.0	100
11	A.O.	9.4	9.5	Ko
13	10	40	& 9	A 2
13	Ø 10	10.0	8 4	410

having two honors in diamonds it is very unlikely that A can establish his long suit in two rounds. He cannot count on his fifth trump as a card of recentry, because it is almost a certainty that he will be forced in one of the black suits, and with four trumps only, and no card of recentry in pian suits, his chance for his long suit is too remote to play for. He has not a fluessing hand, and the best use to which he can put his trumps is to ruff the club suit, unless his partner has something better to suggest.

which he can put his trumps is to run the club suit, unless his partner has something better to suggest.

Tricks 2 and 3—Z adonts the usual defence when playing against declared short-suiters, especially us he has an exceptionally strong hand in plain suits. A has no objection to the trumps coming cut.

Trick 6—Z does not seem to have realized that A a change of suit was an indication that he had no more clubs. The space would have made the game clubs. The space would have made the game clubs of the space would have made the yame clubs of the space would have made the yame clubs. The space would have made the yame clubs of the space would have made the yame clubs of the space would have made the yame clubs of the space of is well judged. If Z has A 10 or A 9, he must make them both, and B is especially anxious o have diamonds or spades led up to him.

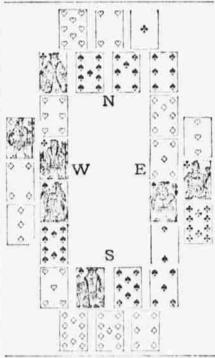
Trick 8—A knows B must have spade king, and unless he can get in on the diamonds he can never make it.

Trick 9—Z cannot place the club encen, and keeps the second best guarded. The discard of a club would have saved Z a trick, for he could then force A into the lead by covering the diamond queen.

Here is the play of the same hand with the short-suit defence to the long-suit opening.

TRICK.		Kelley.	В	Hawkins Z
1	40	30	Qo	I KO
	A 7	43	4.5	AK
2	03	4.4	48	AA
8		4.	1.5	
4	A O	07	80	50
B	Jø	10 4	5 .	Q a
6	20	OB	80	70
7	6 4	2 0	7 4	A
8	JO	O.K	49	100
9	04	AQ	A J	4 2
10	OA	3 4	0.8	02
11	♥10	46	Φ8	OJ
19	0.6	4 4	8 .	A 10
13	60	9 4	K .	0 5

TRUCK.	A .	Y	11	z
1	4 6	4.0	4 7	4 9
9	5 0	JO	AO	3 0
3	0 10	0.7	72	V 4
4	O O	Ø 9	03	V 5
5	♥ 6	20	OK	♥8
6	6 4	6 0	V.A	OJ
7	A A	4 K	48	7 4
8	4 J	9 0	70	4.0
ø	& 1O	QO	80	100
10	4 5	10.6	2 .	A 4
11	4.4	Ja	3 4	8 4
12	43	0.4	4 0	9.4
13	A 2	K O	5 6	K:4



FRUITS IN THE TROPICS.

Engerness of a Victim of the Aguacute

PURRTO CORTEZ, Honduras, July 29,-Ac the weekly steamer approached the wharf at this port the other day an elderly gentleman, with side whiskers and a red face, was to be seen hurrying frantically toward the gangway. In his excitement his soft hat with its broad gray brim had become tilted toward the back of his capacions head, and he violently wiped his perspiring cheeks with a large handkerchief. Instead of waiting until the gangplank had been properly fastened, he sade a lively spring, which, owing to his age and girth, seemed a remarkable feat of agility, and landed on the wharf before the youngest and liveliest of the other passengers had fairly started. The stout gentleman accosted the first man he met, who happened to be a Ja-malcan negro, with this question, uttered in tones fromulous with suspense:
"Are the aguacates ripe yet?" at the same

time fumbling in his vest pocket for a silver piece. The negro answered in the fillom peculiar

to his people:
"No, sah, they don't ripe vet." The old gentleman heaved a sigh of pro

found relief, and proceeded to look up his vallee, which in the excitement of the moment he had forgetten. This little anecdote illustrates the weakness of a victim of the aguacate or alligator pear habit. The aguacate is a pear-shaped innocent,

green fruit, of a shiny lustrous complexion outside, and within of a hue any maiden might cover for her fair cheeks. You cut the pear lengthwise and remove the yellow, large, hard seed, which comes easily from the soft, creamy flesh of the fruit. You then sprinkle over each half salt, pepper, and a little vine-gar. And then, O shade of Epicurus, you eat it. It comes into your spoon in soft, luncious mouthfuls, and no salad ever tempted man any more patently to gluttony. As the reader will infer, it is not sweet, but its flavor cannot be described. One must taste it for himself. The strange part of it all is that the liking for this scinctive salad is an acquired one. The first spoonful, as you carlously dip it up from its hard green, this shell, its natural dish, seems strange and somewhat unattractive. The second spoonful playes the curlosity to try a third. The third is only an introduction to the fourth. The last spoonful of all leaves you in a semi-delighted, semicreamy flesh of the fruit. You then sprinkle

Shattered Nerve-Power Quickly Repaired.

There is the play of the same band at table Quickly Repaired.

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ZEB ATKINS'S PET SALMON.

NOT A PERFORMER, BUT A STEADY MONEY-LARNER.

For Twenty Years It Inhabited Afternately Zeh's Spring and the Gaverns ment's Hatchery Pond, and Every Change Brought Needed Boilars to Its Owner, Toppy Posp, Me., Aug. 2 .- Rutherford, &

domesticated and very intelligent salmon be-longing to Zeb Atkins of Hot Hole Mountain, is dead. The immediate cause of his taking off was old age, though much handling and long journess overland to the Dead River fish hatchery no doubt shortened his days. Zab's liking for Rutherford was of an uncommon kind, even in these days of erratic and crotic affections. The tender and prok steaks, which make most salmon precious as well as palatable, were never taken into the account when Zeb made an inventory of Rutherford's assets, A. fish that could keep a large spring of water free from frogs and insects for twenty years and earn in the same time \$52.00 in cold cash was something uncommon, even in Maine, where the natural and the supernatural walk hand in hand. It was obvious to everybody who knew the circumstances that Zeb prized Eucherford as a money winner and confidential companion, and liked him so well that no epicurean thoughs ero sed his mind. In a case of live salmon and regular income against boiled salmon and green peas Zeb espoused the unpopular side, and

regular income against bolled salmon and green peas Zeb esponsed the unpopular side, and Rutherford survived two decades.

Zeb is a farmer, who reliews fishing for an avocation, preferring the Joys of the gentle art to anything he can find around the loafers' beach at the grocery. Late in May, 1876, when his neighbors were saving their dollars to go to Philai-lphia, he took his dip net and wentdown toward the bay, hoping to catch a few smelts. The second sweep of the act brought him in a gilded and vermilion-spotted salmon that weighted eighteen pounds. By soaking his net seconds weep of the act brought him in a gilded and vermilion-spotted salmon that weighted eighteen pounds. By soaking his net second sweep of the net brought him in a few weeks it had devoured all the swimming and creeping things that made their home linthe spring, and began to look to Zeb for sustenance, By carrying out chopped meat and scraps from the table whenever he went after a pail of water, Zeb soon tamed the fish so it would come and take the food from his hands. When the Republican National Convention met and nominated flow. Hayes for President, Zeb named his fish Rutherford in honor of the winning candidate. After that the salmon was regarded as a member of the family and no longer was mentioned as "it."

The pinch of hard times, which was felt all over Maine in 1879, fell upon Zeb with the rest. One day when he was feeling unusually poor a neighbor asked him why he did not sell Rutherford to the fish hatchery. Zeb could not endure the thought of parting with his fish. Then he received a letter from a lawyer, asking for immediate payment on a small bill that was long overdoe. That night Rutherford was taken in a tub to the hatchery fish are confined. He was picking berries and whisting an old time when he heard a splash in the water. This was followed by another and another until a great shining salmon dashed against the beach right at his feet. Zeb knew at once that it was Rutherford. He fed his pet with a few beries from his pail

HO-TO-BAC MENOS MERVES.

Lost Life-Force Restored and Shattered Nerve-Power